Henry Jarroman, forty-eight years old. has just been released from prison, it which he was eastened from prison, it which he was eastened from prison, it which he was eastened for the murder of Charles Eddis. Thread, the solicitor who bungled his defense at his virial twenty years before, meets him at the prison door. Jarroman asked Theed to he had his daughter, who was two years old when he was seel to prison. He refuses to allow the lawyer to speak to him of his wife, theed tells Jarroman that he has become a rich man during his impressment, and is supprised at his lack of interest in this stroke of bood fortune, fortune and the his wife in the stroke of bood fortune, for many the first head that his suffering a prison have burned out of him every motion except hate and an insatiable stroke for vengeance against John Commen, killed Eddia, and fastened the crimic on Jarroman. The clotte him that Commen are his one-time friend, who stole his work, his one-time friend, who im the Commen and he had been dead nineteen years. Jarroman's hate-befoged mind blids him make vicing in pleas of he father. Camben's daughter, Nadla, who believes her dan's the course of a political campaign in which the aids him, falls in love with her and asks her to marry him.

AND RERE IT CONTINUES THIS BEGINS THE STORY

LORD DOUCESTER sized up the position in a fissh. His son had been caught kissing a straight girl and would pay the penalty of the sacrifice of his career rather than allow her to ruffer humiliation. Awkward! But the situation might still be saved with a little tact. The girl, after all, was straight—that was the main point. It would be safe to take a risk with her. He must first kill the idea that she had

been humiliated. "There seems to be a certain amount of confusion on the point as to whether I am to have the privilege of welcoming you as my daughter-in-law, Miss Quest," he said with his lips. In his heart he was saying that nothing was further from his intentions.

See—that we need worry—now. I'm for letting events take their course. We will know nothing."

"I made them wait a month. I

"I think I understand what is in your mind, Miss Quest," said Lord that you love my son and had his circumstances been otherwise, would have married him. Let me take the words composed out of your mouth and say that you recognize that you cannot help him in his career, and, as the poet says, love in of man's life a thing apart."

Nadia had put on her simple, flower-wreathed hat, and from under its curving brim her great eyes looked out in bewilderment. She returned Lady is of man's life a thing apart."

"It is a thing apart from the vanities and hollow ambitions and petty strivings that make life stupidly selfish witheut it." cried Stranack impetuously. "I can serve my country no less truly if Nadia is my wife, father. If Nadia to seemed ill at case and his eyes will not help me up she certainly would strayed to Nadia as if to convey to her will not help me up she certainly would not drag me down.'

"My boy, as I think Miss Quest, beng a woman, knows even better than I, a wife who is not a help is a hin-

"Take time to think it over," said Lord Doucester. "Let us come to no rash conclusions in the heat of the moment. Let us see first if you are rewent. Let us see first if you are relet us Lord Doucester. "Let us come to no rash conclusions in the heat of the moment. Let us see first if you are returned for Parliament, my boy. Take, say, a month. At the end of that time be very sure that your mother and I will be proud to welcome Miss Quest as our daughter-in-law—provided you her sweet, clear voice. "I know so few her sweet, clear voice. "I know so few her sweet, clear voice." as our daughter-in-law—provided you are both convinced that the marriage will lead you to happiness."

Wilfred Stranack began to protest.

Wilfred Stranack began to protest.
But Nadia felt that she could bear the
discussion no longer.
"Let us do as Lord Doucester sug-

sets," she begged, and her voice broke in spita of herself. "Let us say nothing to any one in the meantime."

As she spoke she moved toward the

As she spoke she moved toward the chair where lay her hat. She picked it up with fumbling fingers.

"A most excellent idea," said Lord Doucester, as if Nadia had suggested the whole thing. "But—er—if I may suggest it, would it not be wise to remere the engagement ring which I see mere the engagement ring which I see my son has given you? Otherwise——"In apite of the strain to which she had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the strain to which she had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the strain to which she had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the strain to which she had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the strain to which she had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the strain to which she had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the strain to which she had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the strain to which she had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the strain to which she had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the strain to which she had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the strain to which she had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the strain to which she had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the strain to which she had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the had been subjected Nadia could not respect to the herself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

When, presently, she caught sight of the herself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

When, presently, she caught sight of the hour.

When, presently, she caught sight of the simple that materials a mitror of Venetian glass she felt a vague surprise that her dress should still be the simple linen one she had donned that morning. It should have changed to gossamer, she thought.

demanded, almost flercely.

"Quest, of course," replied Nadia
with a nervous laugh. "Why should
you think otherwise, Lord Doncester?
Did you know my father? Do you
recognize this ring?"

A metallic laugh broke from Lord oucester. Then he recovered himself and perceived that an explanation was

required.

'Yes, indeed," he said, trying to speak easily. "It is a curious coincidence. I knew—Quest. Somehow it did not occur to me that you could be his daughter." He handed the ring back to her with a bow. There was an awkward silence. Stra-

sack was watching his father oddly. Lord Doucester caught sight of Nadia's

Miss Quest. I particularly wish you to see Lady Doucester. If you will have the goodness to wait here—I will not be couple of minutes. One minute, if you would not mind.

the goodness to wait here—I will not be Souple of minutes."

Lord Doucester had left the room before Nadia could demur. In the corrider outside he hurried so that he was nearly running. At the foot of the staircase he paused, muttered to himself, and then took the stairs at a rate that would have alarmed his physician.

He found Lady Doucester alone in her boudoir. She was an active woman, with shrewd wits and a wide knowledge man—and woman—kind. Years ago had proved herself a stanch silly both husband and son, and even the stair of the stair of the girl, a society debutante with a small measure of beauty and an even smaller one of brains, "you surely see that it is every woman's duty to make the best of herself."

"But I have so little to make the best of." simpered Lady Nan. "Now for you, dear Miss Crayne, with your lovely, lovely hair and those wonderful eyes, for you it is so different."

CONTINUED TOMORROW

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being gently pushed out of the vortex of life and the other had not yet been sucked into it, they constanty sought her advice, and acted upon it. If below her resourcefulness there lurked a power of cruelty flerce and relentless as death—and there were those who believed it—it lay so securely fettered by her will that but rarely could it dominate her purpose.

She put down her book as her bear

She put down her book as her hus-hand hurried in. Lord Doucester shut the door behind him and for a moment leaned against it, panting from his ex-

"Mollentrave, whatever is the mat-ter?" asked Lady Doucester, in as much alarm as was consistent with her ca-pable nature.

"I happened to go into Wilfred's room—I found him kissing his typist." "How extremely unpleasant!" ex-claimed Lady Doucester. "I am sur-prised, too. I thought that girl was a

indy."

"Idsten," interrupted Lord Doucester. "I took hold of the situation.
I amouthed them both down. Got her
to see she couldn't marry him, and
then I found—she's John Camden's

Lady Doucester started violently.

"There is no doubt that it is so. She "There is no doubt that it is so. She wears the ring."

They remained staring at each other. It was as if question and answer, doubt and reassurance, flowed between them. They knew each other well—these two. "She doesn't know anything." supplemented Doucester aloud. "Seems to think her name really is Quest—but of course one can't tell."

Lady Doucester's eyes narrowed.

Lady Doucester's eyes narrowed.
"On the whole, Mollentrave, I don't

further from his intentions.

Nadia looked at him unflinchingly.

"There need be no confusion, Lord Doucester," she answered, quietly, "I de not intend to accept Mr. Stranack's and that we shall be highly pleased about it. That will give us time to see how we stand. If you've nothing elso to propose, I'll go and fetch the girl now. I have asked her to wait. You will know, better than I, how to handle her."

her."
As he disappeared, Lady Doucester pour mind, Miss Quest," said Lord Tose to her feet and stumbled across the boulder to where double doors, beautifully molded, shut off her bedroom. She flung them open and made for her dressing table. Powder, a touch of rouge and a thimbleful of some strange, and other transfer in the strange. a witness can leave no doubt whatever colorless liquid worked wonders. By the Lady Doucester was back in her boudoir, gracious, charming, entirely

Nadia Is Bewildered

Doucester's greeting with an air of de-tachment that wrung respect from the elder woman; the girl's manner frankly cautious.

that he was at a loss to account for his

parents' change of front.
"It'll be here in five minutes," said
his mother gayly. "I'm afraid you
must think us extraordinarily erratic
people," she went on, turning to Nadia, drance."
"Surely the discussion is unnecessary." pleaded Nadia. "'Mr. Stranack. I thank you with all my heart for your offer, but again I say I can't accept it."

"Take time to think it over." said

her sweet, clear voice. "I know so few people—no one, in fact; it is delightful-to by here."

The tea equipage was brought in and conversation flowed cheerfully and naturally on topics of the day. Lady Doucester had always had a genius for small talk. Her husband seconded her skillfully, covering Stranack's silence. Nadia, always unself-conscious, laughed

and listened and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

When, presently, she caught sight of herself in a mirror of Venetian glass she felt a vague surprise that her dress should still be the simple linen one she had deputed that we remains I should

spain a smile.

"This is not an engagement ring, Lord Doucester. Look it is on my right hand—not my left."

Lord Doucester looked at the ring, and, smiling, admitted his mistake. A nurmured apology rose to his lips. He checked it. The smile faded, the look became a stare, and a change came.

became a stare, and a change came over his face. It was as if something bad suddenly banished all memory of what had just occurred, and his mind had whisked itself far away—over the stare.

The double doors which divided the great apartment into two were slightly open. From one room to the other, borne upon the aroma of costly cignate that had just occurred, and his mind that virialized the air — the reckless parts of the game. that vitalized the air — the reckless spirit of the game.

Nadia Is Camden's Daughter

"Miss Quest," he said, and the smooth, even tenor had gone from his voice, "would you allow me to examine that ring of yours for a moment?"
Nadis drew herself up. It was as it he had doubted her assertion that it was not an engagement ring."

"The provided had been assertion that it was not an engagement ring."

"The provided had been assertion that it was not an engagement ring."

if be had doubted her assertion that it was not an engagement ring.

"Certainly," she said, more than a little coldly. "It is an old ring. It belonged to my father—who died when I was a baby." As she spoke she slipped the ring from her finger and handed it be him. Lord Doucester took the ring, held it in his palm for an instant as though it were a living thing, and then:

"What was your father's name?" he demanded, almost fiercely.

"Mam'selle X" had sat there a liqueur of that strange, dull hue had stood at of that strange, dult hue had stood at her side; she never touched it, only rarely did her hand steal out to it and

curve itself round the fragile steam. Theed Seports to Claudine

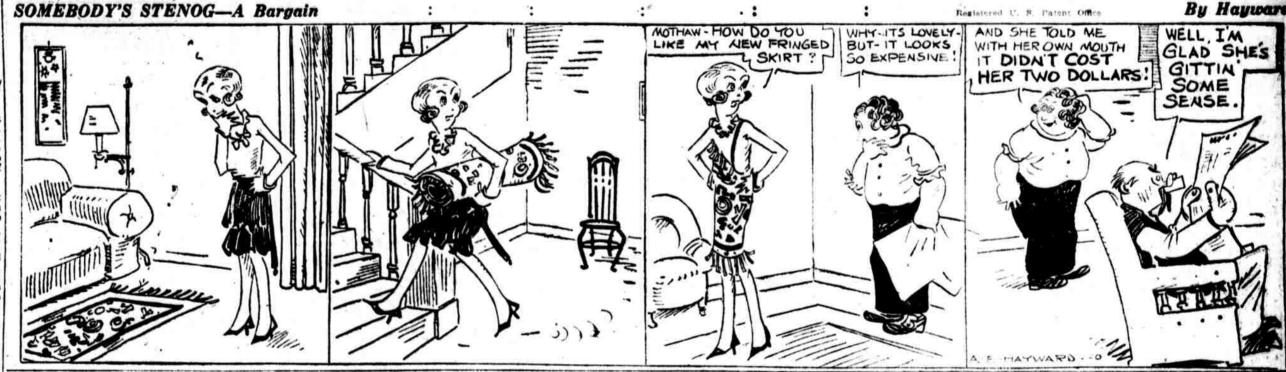
Iy a flower-filled corner of the gamblug room, her eyes on a group of oker players, her painted lips smiling at a young girl by her side, sat Chudine Crayne. As she listened to the chatter of the girl and studied the face of the players her mind was triffing with her own content. Things had been go-ing well lately. This spacious, richly fitted house—the largest in Cornish Ter-race, Westminster—was hers; an everincreasing balance at the bank was hers. cars and horses and servants were all

CONTINUED TOMORROW
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EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1922

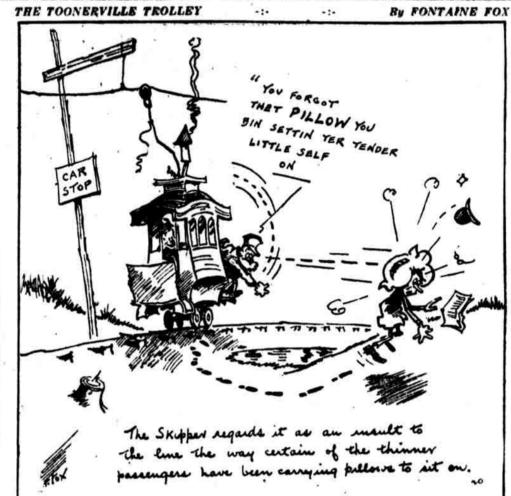
SOMEBODY'S STENOG—A Bargain



The Young Lady Across the Way



says there's a whole lot in mere politeness and every public official ought to be put under the civil secv-





PETEY—Low Visibility



